

## OCALA EVENING STAR

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY

BITTINGER &amp; CARROLL, PROPRIETORS

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Entered at Ocala, Fla., postoffice as second class matter.

PHONE 51

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

(Domestic)	(Foreign)
One year, in advance.....\$5.00	One year, in advance.....\$8.00
Six months, in advance.....2.50	Six months, in advance.....4.25
Three months, in advance.....1.25	Three months, in advance.....2.25
One month, in advance.....60	One month, in advance......90

Catts is a bolter.

Knott is the nominee.

The German submarines have put the fish in efficiency.

"Popular Mechanics" for October gives Florida quite a boost.

As a candidate, Mr. Hughes seems to be a great deal of a disappointment to the republicans.

It's the Star's opinion that Mr. Hughes made the mistake of his life when he resigned from the supreme bench.

The best history of Florida yet written is that by Judge Benjamin Harrison now running as a Sunday serial in the Times-Union.

Three towns on the East Coast, Fellsmere, Cocoa and Delray, have given the ballot to women. We would like to see it tried in Ocala.

The high cost of flivving is one of the chief causes of worry for the average citizen.—Jacksonville Metropolis. Oh, awful, awful!

Catts may be governor of Florida. If he is he will be the first man to fill that position who ever made a speech that shocked the ladies in his audience.

Catts said in an address in Pensacola that he had 60,000 majority in the primary. But that was as accurate as almost any other of his statements.

They have been calling the plain Fordobles in use up to now tin Lizies. We suppose the more ornamental ones just coming into use will be tin Elizabeths.

If Catts should ever be called on to make an address to a bevy of high school girls, it is obvious that he would not look at their bright and pretty faces.

We hope that the guardians of liberty in Florida will take note of the fact that their national court has endorsed Hughes and entered on a vindictive campaign to defeat Wilson.

Finding fault with Wilson about the way he prevented the railroad strike is something like finding fault with a fireman for not investigating the cause of a fire before putting it out.

It's intimated that Jacksonville may have another street railway strike. Being's most of the state troops have gone to the border, it couldn't cost all Florida as much as the last one did.

"As every reader knows, is maliciously false," is an expression that appears often in the newspapers in campaign days. H'm, well; seems to us too much to expect from the readers.

The British armored motor cars, or "tanks," are failures, according to the semi-official Overseas News Agency of Berlin, which tells how the machines have been disabled and destroyed.

If H. S. Chubb and H. L. Anderson have lain down together, as reports from Jacksonville intimate, we fear that Mr. Anderson, politically speaking, may be seen after this only with the assistance of the X-ray.

"Dakota Bob," an unique and rather spectacular character, who visited Ocala some years ago, died and was buried in Tampa last week. In his last days, the old man was looked after mostly by the Tampa Tribune.

Lord Robert Cecil, British minister of war trade, denies as "a great calumny" charges in the United States that commercial measures by the Allies are prejudicial to business with America and says that such a project would be contrary to common sense.

You don't have to vote for Knott in the general election, but if you vote for Catts you vote yourself out of the democratic party. The democratic party may be beaten in this election, but it will be here in the next one, and it's going to draw the lines tight.

In his speech at Omaha, Mr. Wilson said there was as much fight in America as in any nation in the world. There should be more. Since his little experiment at Vera Cruz, Mr. Wilson has industriously striven to prevent any fight getting away from us, and we should have considerable stored up by this time.

Mr. L. H. Chazal, who has been with the Star in the capacity of city reporter, besides writing many special articles, during the last six months, has resigned in order to attend to his own business affairs in connection with the firm of Chazal &amp; Sons, which

the autumn season make too extensive for him to look after anything else. Mr. Chazal has been a very efficient assistant, and is also a most clever and congenial young man to work with. We hope that the day is not far off when we can obtain his assistance again.

It's the Star's opinion that Mr. Wilson is making a mistake in charging that war is certain if the republicans win. When the conflict in Europe ends, the combatants will have had enough war for fifty years. About all the Americans that were in Mexico have been murdered or driven out, and as long as we keep on spending fifteen million dollars a month to keep a hundred thousand men on the border, the Mexicans are not likely to come into our own country to kill any more—not many, anyhow.

Under title of "The Nation's Garden Spot," the Atlantic Coast Line calls attention in this week's issue of the Manufacturers Record to some very interesting phases for raising a wide range of crops in Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Alabama, and gives an authoritative statement by Jay A. Bonstell, of the United States department of agriculture, bearing out the facts presented. The statement is embodied in a full page advertisement, which is bound to attract favorable attention.

Mr. R. S. Hall returned home Saturday from New York city. Mr. Hall found business good in the metropolis and says there is every indication of a great number of tourists coming to Florida this winter. Mr. Hall thinks from what he heard that Wilson will carry New York. Politicians are opposed to him, but the business men Mr. Hall met seem well pleased with Mr. Wilson's administration of affairs.

S. J. Catts spoke to the people of Winter Haven Saturday night in the park. His address was along his usual line, which is too well known to need repetition here. The only novelty introduced was a statement that the fund raised by his enemies to defeat him amounted to \$180,000. This differs considerably from the \$10,000, \$20,000, \$50,000, \$80,000 and various other amounts he declared it to be in various other cities.—Winter Haven Chief.

Catts counts on finding new dupes in every town—and he generally finds them.

That "Bear Cat from Gum Swamp" stuff which Guerry is writing for the Catts Free Press is quite beneath Guerry's character and talents. We never suspected that he would be guilty of it.—Orlando Reporter-Star.

Surely the Reporter-Star is mistaken. It can't be that Goode Guerry is writing that stuff.

Another reason why a man is a hypocrite is because when he strains his credit to buy an automobile he tells his wife it is for her sake.—Tampa Tribune.

Many of our married friends tell us that if a man hasn't an auto, he'd better not have a wife.

If Knott should by any miracle be elected governor of Florida, the following would in all probability compose his cabinet: Pleasant Holt, Bob McNamee, Charlie Jones, Joe Reese, H. H. McCreary, Hetherington, Geo. T. Morgan and a few others of that sweet-scented bunch. Now wouldn't that be a outfit to grace (?) the cabinet of a governor. Ugh!—Tampa Breeze.

Officers of the governor's cabinet are all elected by the people. We hadn't noticed any of the foregoing names on any of the tickets.

It has been reported all over the state, and in Ocala among other places, that Catts was arrested at Lakeland when he made a speech there some weeks ago at the instigation of the editor of the Lakeland Telegram. The truth of the matter is that the editor of the Telegram was absent on a vacation and was some thousands of miles from Lakeland at the time.

It wouldn't be such a bad idea for the Gentiles, as well as the Jews, to also observe the Day of Atonement.—Miami Metropolis.

They would have to observe at least one a week for a century to catch up.

That plutocratic printer, W. F. Stovall, president of the Tampa Tribune Publishing company, has been named by Gov. Park Trammell as one of the delegates to represent the state of Florida at the annual session of the Southern Commercial Congress, which will be held in Norfolk, Va., Dec. 11-14. Mr. Stovall will have to pay his own expenses, but he can.

Everything is of the very latest at the Affleck Millinery Parlor, Ocala House block.

## WILL PLANT COTTON

Where the farmers of Marion county planted one acre of cotton this year, they will plant at least ten acres next season and we would not be at all surprised to see the acreage jump to one hundred times what it was this season. Many farmers who have not planted an acre in years will go into it on a large scale and plant from 50 to 200 acres each. Most all of those who have been planting from five to ten acres will double and some of them quadruple their acreage. This will bring solid, substantial prosperity to the county and cash to every planter. The price will not be low again for a good many years—it is not likely to be as cheap as this year and more than likely will bring a much better price. The Star will urge and advise the farmers to plant cotton and more cotton.

Ocala has just completed a sewerage system at a cost of \$100,000. Mark down another tally in the Brick City's progress column.—Jacksonville Metropolis.

## 1917?

By  
EDWIN BALMER

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(Continued from Yesterday)

## CHAPTER XXV

## Breakfast Under Fire.

COMPANY F filed out the front door of the car. Corporal Jim Ashby—his squad numbered two other men besides Kilbane and Swenson—led his four across the tracks, avoiding third rails. He climbed the barriers of the railroad right of way and led on to Madison avenue. The shells seemed to be bursting close by. The shock of a detonation rocked the air, and all about windows were broken. The white and blue flag of Company F was on the corner of 111th street. All but two of the men who had answered roll call after the wreck replied now. The battalion did not delay for those.

A sergeant, in the khaki of the regular army, rode up on a motorcycle. He found Major Wray, saluted, and handed over written orders. The command came down the column: "Forward march."

Certainly the shells were bursting closer than a few minutes ago, and they were coming more often, too. There was a big fire lower down in the city—several big fires. The smoke blew in great streams across the sky toward the Hudson. How the big shells were coming! Breakfast under fire? Jim had forgotten breakfast. He felt no hunger to remind him of it. He did not need to eat. There was talking in the ranks, plenty of talking, but no one spoke of needing to eat.

What a sight was Madison avenue if all the throngs who had crowded the boats on the river, the trains, and the roads north of the city had fled from New York, where could these people be coming from? Well, some of them were coming from houses and flats and stores, right there on the avenue. Old men, middle aged men, and boys. Men gesturing wildly and excited, men stammering and furious, men quiet and pale and too calm were leading their families from their homes to start flight to end—where and how?

That shell! There was no doubt that the shells were bursting farther up town and were coming more often. Women screamed and children cried. Men cursed madly. What was the matter with the forts—what were they doing? Where was the army and all the men who had volunteered? Some one started a cheer for the soldiers marching down the car tracks. The cars in Madison avenue for some reason were not running.

"Where're you from, boys?"

"Illinois."

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Some more of the Illinois boys! Hurrah! Hurrah! Say, some of you fellows are hurt! Been fighting? Where? How did it come out?"

"No. Train wreck! A recruit confessed."

"Bridge blown up before us by spies! some one corrected quickly. "We lost half our men!" he boasted.

"Where you going? Long Island?"

"Don't know. Hope so."

"They need you there. Our boys were beaten this morning. The regiment's landing a hundred thousand men and they're marching on New York, Oh."

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there's another one. They're sneaking New York. Those shells, they're exploding just below there!" "Column forward! Forward!" some one was beseeching now, not ordering "Close up, men! Oh, close up!"

Corporal Ashby gazed dully at the back of the men in front of him, then to Kilbane marching at his side. The Irish boy's face chalk white. Jim knew that his skin was as bloodless and his legs were as unsteady as he strode.

"Close up! Oh, hang it, close up!"

Jim stumbled forward, certain the cry must be meant for him. But Kilbane scurried similarly at the same instant like others all about. Shell fire. Big explosive shell fire! So this was it, and they were marching into it! "You low quitter. You rotten coward!" Jim's lips whispered at himself "Go on. You've got to go, and you've got to walk straight. You low, sneaking, cowardly—quitter."

As a shell burst in a building Jim swayed—blind, deaf, insensible.

"Shell shock! That's all!" some one was reassuring.

"Get up everybody! You're all right! Get up! Get up!"

Scores were stunned. Some were mildly mad or babbling, quite insane.

Wray, the major, called the men and women who appeared from cellars.

"Take these men to safe places, please, and look after them. They'll probably come around all right after a while. You can get a doctor, can't you? One of you is a doctor? That's good." He detailed a couple of the less injured soldiers to assist. "When those men recover you'd better join any other battalion you can find, unless you happen to learn where we'll be."

Wray, with the captains and the lieutenants, was reforming the companies by physical force, pulling about the men and pushing them into position. "We're going to the subway now!" the officers promised. "We're going as direct as we can to the subway!"

The battalion dazedly formed in column. "Forward!" The men trailed through the debris in the avenue and went on. "Column right!" It was marching on a cross street, with Central park on the right. It passed the end of Fifth avenue and went on. Jim recognized Columbus circle. The column headed for the clock to the subway and halted. The major went ahead to make explanations. The column learned, while it waited, that the subway or the power plant or something had been damaged so that only a few trains might be run, and the whole subway system had been taken over by the military. Wray repeated. Evidently he had won dispensation for his men suffering from shell shock. Company F began to file down under the street. F gratefully followed into the subterranean world where the sound of the shells—even those shells which tore whole business squares to bits and killed or crazed a score of men without marking them—was dull and distant and where you could lie back on the rattan seat of a steel car and be quite safe again. Where the train was taking the battalion and why no one at that moment seemed to care.

Swenson, who sat beside Jim, was opening and closing his hands and staring at them. "That's funny," he said slowly. "It was my right I couldn't feel moving. Now it's the left."

Jim again tried the muscles of his hands and feet. Kilbane appealed to him in a whisper. "Is seven time nine sixty-three?"

Jim considered. Then he nodded.

"You've awful pain here?" Kilbane touched the back of his head.

"Aww!"

"Then you and me'll watch each other. They make you dippy after awhile sometimes, y'ever heard?"

"Yes, I've heard."

"Worth street!" an officer's voice warned. "The next is ours, boys. Brooklyn bridge."

Did that mean marching on the surface again or going in cars exposed to fire? Why couldn't every one stay in the subway? It went to Brooklyn safe deep down under the river. The train stopped and every one got out. The battalion started up to the street. The shells! They were bursting so close they just above. The concussion of them battered down the subway stairs and the shells above was awful. Not only the shells—acres also and cries of men in panic, terrified, beaten.

"Forward boys! Come on, everybody! Forward!"

Smoke—black, blinding smoke, hot and scorching—edged down into the subway. The battalion struggled through it. There was a fight at the top of the stairs. Soldiers were trying to turn back men who were crushing to get into the subway. They struggled and swore. The battalion brought help to the guards and cleared the stairs. Company F, following Company E, came out to the street. The end of Brooklyn bridge lay before them, shrouded in the smoke which rose from the tenement blocks which were burning. From the smoke men staggered and stumbled—men in uniform and with rifles, uniformed men without guns, and others without uniform or rifle, but wearing the arm bands and the brown shirts of American recruits. Shells burst above them and scurried them on. These were not the monster shells which had been striking further up in the city. These were smaller and made little noise. The other burst with shock and roar of the other burst with much less, as the shock of the shell which had dazed the battalion.

"Shrapnel! That! And that's high explosive!"

"Yes!"

"Column four! Column four!" the company officers were begging. "Forward! Forward, men! March!"

A bugle blew the signal over and over again. The battalion moved slowly toward the bridge. Shrapnel and the quick, ceaseless high explosive shells were bursting above Company F now.

"Oh, I'm hit!" The soldier who cried it caught at Jim's shoulder and dragged there. Beyond him another man went down without cry or gasp. He just crumpled, and the man marching behind stepped on the body before he knew it.

"Forward, men! Forward! You've got to come on! Oh, come on, you cowards! For Illinois, boys! Come on! Come on! Never mind the wounded boys! Forward! Come on!"

Never mind the wounded! That meant—for Jim Ashby—that he must free himself from the fingers of the man clasping his shoulders. He must let the man fall on his face in the street.

"Ashby!" Winslow, the captain, appealed to him because he was a corporal. At least he had a uniform. "Help bring up those men! Forward! Make 'em come on!"

Jim freed himself from the wounded man and laid him, groaning and groping, on his back in the street.

"Come on, boys!" Most of Company F faltered forward a little. For the moment the shells were worse behind than in front. The company advanced further. Winslow's voice cried in praise: "That's the stuff, boys! Don't let the New Yorkers think we're afraid. Come on, now!"

The New Yorkers: if they were men running from the bridge they had a lot of right to think things about any one else. They were running mad, crazy with fear, and ducking their heads and trying to dodge when the shells were breaking above them. They flung themselves, coughing, out of the smoke, and when officers yelled to them and tried to gather them and get them together they ran or fell wounded, squirming in the street. Only here and there a few formed and moved on in order down side streets away from the bridge.

"Come on, boys! Illinois! Illinois forward! We're not going over the bridge! We're not ordered there! We're only going to the river front! Come on! Come on!"

The battalion began to move again. Only to the river front. That sounded like some safer place. Anyway, it couldn't be like the bridge. No place on earth or in hell could be like the bridge. No one could live on the bridge. Some men were posted there and were standing and not running at all. They had a field battery and machine guns trained across the bridge. They were just waiting there and not firing. But those men were regulars. That was their business to be in a place like that. Company F, following Company E, turned into Chambers street and marched down it. The shells were not striking there often. They were all breaking over the bridge. The battalion reached South street on the water front. They could see Brooklyn plainly now across the narrow neck of the East river. The whole city seemed to be burning. At least the whole water front was screened in smoke which swept over the river and concealed and now disclosed and concealed again boats coming over from the Brooklyn side. The noise of the guns on Long Island also was louder. They were closer and there were more guns firing. Aeroplanes—one, two, four six—were in the air over the East river, and above the smoke from Brooklyn a great, globular object swung and swayed in the wind—an observation balloon.

"Column left!"

There was no sort of column about the battalion as it debouched from Chambers street. The men proceeded merely bunched together in company crowds. Some of the recruits of E mingled with F, and F with G, and so on. But they turned to the north in fair order as they reached the water front. The shells were still striking

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Don't look at the dead! Come on, boys! Forward! Come on!"

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Mostly about the bridge or much farther on where some of the recent aeroplanes seemed to have sighted something worth destroying. So the battalion made its way north beside the docks and piers.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Burson seamless hose at Little's Shoe Parlor. 27-41

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